rere of the San Francisco. The American Con-thed him then if he would give him the refusal sufferers of the Sai f be would give him the refusal of the steamer till 6 o'clock the next morning, even at the price be demanded—\$500 per day. He refused to do this. The next day the Binhop of Newfoundland offered to give the use of his snowt for the purposes required. A three-masted schooner was also to woden by the Merlin, which was employed by the American Consulto go in search of the missing. Capt. Leitch of the steamer City of Philadelphia, also sent three of his schooners in search, and I am of the opinion that the authorities of Newfoundland die unforcers.

As regards Mr. Baahlam, I consider that we over our lives in a great measure to the good order which his presence maintained among the craw; and I will add further, that if we had hat passengers instead of sailors in our boats, we should never have been able to row to the shore, as a strong gale, which subsequently blew from the westward, would probably have blown us far out to sea. (Signed.) W. W. Gilbert.

solors in our bosses, as a strong galo, which subsequently blew from the west ward, would probably have blown us far out to sen. Signed, W. W. Gillert.

STATEMENT OF JOHN DEGNON, SENIOR FIRST ASSISTANT ENGINEER.

On locking over the papers I find a wholy incorrect impression has been formed respecting the sination and condition of the unfortunate beings tost on the steamship Arctic. Although I have already made a statement, I feel it my duty to ropeat the same, with the many particulars connected with it. Eight hells had just been struck. I was standing in the passage-way leading from the dock to the engine-room, when I beard the cry "Stop the engines." Immediately after the bell rung Mr. Rodgers, the chief engineer, and myself ran below, and before reaching the working pletform Mr. Willett, then on duty, had stopped the engines. The bell rung to "back the engines," which was done. At this moment Mr. Redgers and myself looked over the relling into the bilgs. He exclaimed, "What is that water I" "Yes," I replied, "it is coming in torrects." He then gave orders to open the bilgs injectious. Thomas Brennan, an oder, and myself opened them, with Mr. R. assistance.

During this time, which was about five minutes, the engines had been backing; the signal was given to go aboad: the engines stan ed forward again. Mr. R. then told me to run forward and see that the Worthington pumps were started. Going into the fire room, I found Mr. Drown, junior first assistant engineer, and a fricanan, Pat. Tobin, engaged in starting the port pump: I jumped forward and saterted the starboard pumps—idr. Walker, second assistant, and John Helt, a firman, assistant is opening the bright of the lower and a starboard side; I said to him, "Captain, the ship is sinking: nothing can sive us, "unless we manage to get a sail over the bole in the "Ship's side." "I will try what can be done, "said he. I then ordered—persuaded—several formen and coal passers to go below and keep the fires up, telling them that everything depended on the prange. O

ith the pumps.

I neked him if a sail could not be got over the leak.

with the pumps.

I asked him it a sail could not be got over the leak. He replied, "it could not, for so much of the bow of "the propeller atuck out from the side of our ship that "it was impossible to get the sail over it." The captain then went aft and endeavored to seat the passengers in the life boats. Most of them were crowded closely together on the port quarter of the ship.

I met Mr. Drown, the assistant engineer, on the upper deck, and proposed to him to get the men together to construct a raft. He would not agree with me, saying it would be of no use, as they would swamp it immediately. At this moment I heard Mr. Baahlam's voice over the side of the ship giving orders. I looked over and saw Mr. B., with five or six men, lowering the hoat. The captain then stood on the upper deck superintending the same, and, as I thought, intended the boat for an especial purpose. I wentout on the guard and asked Mr. Baahlam, "Shall I get "into this boat!" He made no answer. I asked him a second time without receiving a rouly. I was then convinced Mr. B. was acting under the orders of the captain, then on the upper deck. The act of lowering the boat was cool and deliberate. I opened the door of the wheel house and looked in, the shaft then being three feet above water. On turning round I saw some fourteen or fifteen persons in the boat. I then caught hold of the tackle which held the boat to the gaard of the ship to let myzelf down into the boat. Just as my feet touched the guawale of the boat the captain gave the order, "Drop that boat astern." The tackle was cut, letting me down backward, when I was caught by the ankle by Mr. Baahlam and another, who drew me into the boat.

We then picked up several from the sea, and drifted out of sight or the ship. Shortly we fell in with another boat, from which we took four or five persons. All then placed themselves under the command of Mr. Baahlam.

It is with the most heartfelt pleasure I read the letters published by the passengers saved in those boats,

Basklaw.

It is with the most heartfelt pleasure I read the let-ters published by the passengers saved in those boats, and most heartily join in their commendation so de-sently bestowed.

servedly bestowed.

I will add, without the least hesitation or fear of contradiction, that the crew saved in those boats conducted themselves with the greatest propriety and order from the mement they entered those boats out they reached New-York.

Distinct an, between Fourth and Fifth sts., Williamsburgh, Oct. 14, 1854.

STATEMENT OF MR. CHARLES J. MITCHELL.

BTATEMENT OF MR. CHARLES J. MITCHELL.

From The Beston Traveller, Oct. 13.

Among the passengers of the Arctic who came in the Europa was Mr. Charles J. Mitchell of Charleston, S. C., whose statement of the cutastrophe, though in the main similar to that of other survivors, contains points of interest. He is confident that no belt was rung or whistle blown previous to the collision, though the steamer was running at a rapid rate in the midst of a dense fog. After the collision he was upon the deck of the steamer, and in his opinion the passengers generally manifested a wonderful degree of collision, and the steamer of mind. Though believing they were in danger, they were not aware of its imminence. One of the passengers, an acquaintance, came up to him, shook him by the hand, and said: "Give my "last adicu to may wife, if you are saved." He distinctly avers that there were not boats enough to save half of those on beard the Arctic, and fortifics the statement by the orders given to make the raft, which would not have been necessary had there been ample beat accommodations. He made a drawing of the boats to demonstrate his statement. He was acquainted with Mrs. Collins, and was on deck when she and other famale passengers were put on board a boat by Capt. Luce. In lowering this boat one end only was let down, which of course plunged all on board into the water. This boat was soon after redilled, and mostly by the crew of the steamer to her deadlights was the first inthusion the passengers had that the steamer would soon go down. Up to that mament all had been conducted with comparative coolness, but afterward all was panic and confusion. A rush was made by the passengers for the raft, which in their haste they partially broke up and readered nearly useless for the purpose for which it had been constructed.

He saw on the deck of the steamer to her decent on the deck of the steamer would be not not the steamer would soon go down. Up

dered nearly useless for the purpose for which it had been constructed.

He saw on the deck of the steamer the Brown faully, seven in number, all of whom perished. He also saw the Duke de Grammont on the deck. He probably went down with the steamer. After the beat in which he was left the steamer, they saw a large number of persons in the water; some with life-preservers on. They piked up only three or four of them, which crowded their heat to its utmest capacity, although the whole numbered but twenty-six. Though within a short distance of the steamer, he did not see her go down, so dense was the fog; and he doubts whether any one on board the beat did. After the lapse of about helf an hour after leaving the steamer they took their departure for the shore. Fortunately it was the right direction. At night they stoered by the stars, and after twenty-four hours rowing, reached the shore, where they were hospitably received by the fishermen, who opened their dears to them. These statements of Mr. Mitchell are confirmed by Elward Dupasseur, formerly of France, now of New-Ocleans. Both of these gentlemen left for the South this morting.

## LETTER FROM A SURVIVOR

From The Providence Post, Oct. 14.

A letter written by our exteemed fellow-citizen, W.
P. Rathbone, dated Oct. 1.—the day after he landed at Broad Cove—addressed to his family, revehed this city yesterday. Mr. Rathbone briefly confirms most of the important particulars of the awful calamity already published, and mentions other items of interest.

He speaks of the upsetting of the boat when about being lowered into see, which he says was mostly filled with women and children—among them Mrs. R. K. Collins and farally, and Mr. Gale and wife of Worcester. Mrs. Gale only he measions as seved, and then only for the time, though we understand from the letter that he was himself in the same boat. He says Mr. Comstock was boat. He meations Mr. Benedict and wife of New York as among those who left in one of the first boats off, and which has out yet been heard from. He says that two of the boars which left the ship contained a number of women and which left the ship contained a number of women and children. He represents the size of the hole made in the steamer by the collision to be three by eight feet. From a lete telegraphic dispatch received from Mr. Rabbone, dated at Sydney, Nova Sectia, we learn that he deep not expect to reach home until about the contribute.

The ship which came in collision with the Arctic with such fatal consequences was, as we have said, the French propositer Vesta, built in 1851 at Nantes, about 240 tuns, and furnished with an ongine of sixty horse power. The Vesta belongs to one of the wealthlest houses of Granville, which of the vesta for the fisheries of Newfoundland. She went to St. Pierre with a load of salt, and was returning to France with one hundre! and forty-seven passengers, (fishermen and salters,) and twenty of the orew.

At the time of the accident the Vesta was traveling at the rate of ten knots. Exteriorly she has even been some handled than the Arctic, for her bows were literally carried away; but he division of her hold into compartments saved her. The water which was precipitated by the large opining into the forward port of the ship was arrested by a compartment

of plated iron.

By relieving the center and storn of all that evald be thrown overboard, Capt. Duchesse at first light-tened the ship, and afterward caused a sheet to be passed over the bows. Thus guarded against the most numbered danger, he made for St. Johns, traveling with great precontion, and increasing and dimin-ishing his speed according to the pressure of the water on the sheet. He thus reached St. Johns on the 36th of September, at the very moment when a tempest sprung up, which would have caused the inevit-

ble loss of the Vesta if it had overtaken her at so a. The Vesta carries written in local able traces the bistory of the naval drama, in which she has played so terrible a part. Her hold open to the light, and one of her masts broken, tell how violent must have been the collision. But what tells more are the bent sides of her iron compartments in which she still curries places of wood from the Arctiz—the last and melan-

choly remnant of this magnificent ship.

The Vesta lost in the collision thirteen of her men, who, seized with fear, either threw themselves into sea, or were in the boat destroyed by the Arctic.

Furthermore, the fishermen who had with the n all their little fortune, compose of barrels of oil and fish are ruined in consequence of the necessity of throwing overboard all that was on deck.

We regret being obliged to contradict the rames

announced that thirty one of the shipwreeked parsen gers of the Arctic had been saved by the Vesta. Capt. Duchesne never care the steamer or any of her locals ofter the collision took place.

THE FRENCH PASSENGERS.

M. Dupasseur can give only a few details concerning the French passengers belonging to New-York, who were on board the Arctic. Except M. Guynet and his family, whom he left on the poop of the ship, he knew none of them personally. The number of these passengers was large. Here is the list:

M. GUYNET, wife, and four children. M. LENGIE, wife, brother, and his sister-in-law and

Madame Lacov and child.

Miss VICTORINE PERRIN.
Of the fate of these persons we can give no information. Several circumstances, however, induce us to believe that some have found refuge in boat No. 2. There were also in the Arctic a number of French residents of New-Orleans. Their names are Mosses. Ernest Perret, Minvielle, Bauche, Fleury, Busch, and Mile. Mansuy. All were on board the steamer when

M. Dupasseur left her.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT ST. JOHNS—
THE VESTA.

The Boston Journal of the 13th inst. contains the

following:

"We have had an interview with Mr. Johnson, one of the passengers by the wrecked steamer City of Philadelphia, who arrived at St. Johns via Halfax in the Europa, and who states some facts which place the matter in a different light. He says to the best of his knowledge the American Consul did exert himself in behalf of the suffecers by the Arctic. He is not acquainted with all the facts in the case, but he was informed that the Consul applied immeliately to the agent of the telegraph Company to charter the steamer Victoria, but was not by a reply that he could only have the steamer by paying \$5.00 per day. Deaming the sum exherbitant, he immediately dispatched a sailing vessel in quest of the Arctic, and the agent of the telegraph Company afterward sent out the Victoria upon his own respectsibility.

"The St. John's Ledger, a copy of which we have received, states that 'no expense has been spared in 'the search, and the exertions of Mr. Newman, the American Consul, are worthy of all praise.

Our informant says that Mr. Newman exerted himself to the utmost to provide for the sufferers of the wrecked steamer City of Philadelphia, and to save property. He was also informed by the survivors of the state of the case of the Arctic with whose he were few. New formelland owing:
We have had an interview with Mr. Johnson, one

property. He was also informed by the survivor the Arctic, with whom he came from Newfoundla that the Consul had treated them in the most ham manner, paid every attention to them, supplied the with clothing, and prom tod their comfort in ever way in his power. Our informant thinks that it report to the discredit of the Consul which appears in the St. Johns paper, originated from personal will.

Mr. Johnson states that the French steamer Vesta. Mr. Johnson states that the French steamer Vesta, which was in contact with the Arctic, reported upon arrival at 8t. Johns, N. F., that the Arctic had run into her and had sailed away without stopping to ascertain what damage was done—bidding them good bye and cheering. This report created much feeling and prejudice at St. Johns, and the survivors of the Arctic were refused accommodation at the principal hotel in the place (French.)

Much credit is due to the American Consul at Sydney, N.B., who, upon hearing of the disaster, hastened to St. Johns and tendered overy assistance.

The steamship Cleopatra, which yessel it was at

ney, N.B., who, apon hearing of the disaster, hastened to St. Johns and tendered overy assistance.

The steamship Cheopatra, which vessel it was at first thought had been in collision with the Arctic, put into St. Johns on the 2d, to replenish her coals. She was from Quebec, bound to England with troops, and sailed again on the 3d. Her commander would cruise about in the vicinity of the scene of the disasterin the hope of faling in with some survivors of the wreck.

The French vessel, the Vesta, which was in collision with the Arctic, was running, according to the report of her commander, at the rate of eight knots, and the speed of the Arctic is stated on the same authority at not less than twolve knots. Immediately alter the collision Capt. Duchesne noticed that the bulkbead of his vessel was not started, and he proceeded to lighten his vessel by the head by threwing overboard all the cargo and lugange which was in the forepart of the vessel. This elevation, with the firmness of the bulkbead, contributed much to stop the beavy rush of the water. About 150 mattreeses, pailluses, and other effects of the crow and passengers, were now placed abaft the saioty partition, overwhich were thrown sails, backed by boards and plataks, the whole being secured by cables well and hardly urapped round all.

The foremast, which has received some damage, was out away, and contributed considerably to raise the head still more. This occupied two days. They then run tader small steam for the accret port St. Johns, which they entered on the 36th, most providentially before the riving of a severe gale which blew on that day.

dentially before the rising of a severe gale which blew on that day.

The Vests arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on the 30th of September. She is a merchant seriew steamer, and was bound from St Peters to Ornaville. She was running in a dense for, about eight knots an bour, when she struck the Arctic. One man was killed, and several others were injured by the collision.

Two boats were launched, the first of which such, and the second was taken persension of by two of the erew and several of the passengers against the orders of the captain. They were never seen more. The bulkhead of the forecastle was not started, and the ferepart of the steamer being lightened by throwing freight overboard, the next two days were consumed in securing the break, when the steamer run to St. Johns.

Johns.

The Vesta had on board 147 passengers, and a zrew

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS. When the ill-fated ship was about to sink, and after the boats had pushed as far from the veges as possible, to prevent being drawn into the vortex, which it was known would draw down everything near, Mr. Comstock of Rhode Island was seen to jump into the water and swim toward the boat which contained, among others, Mr. C. T. Mitchell of Charleston, S. C. to whom he was well known. Recognizing him in the boat, Mr. Comstock called to him, "Have "you room for another man!" to which the reely was, "No; we are almost sinking now!" He then threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Good God! "Tell my wife and five children I am good!" and was seen so more.

threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Good Good." Tell my wife and five children I am good." and was seen so more.

Henry Will, importer of French and Rhine vines, on his return from Germany and France, arrived in Liverpool in time to start with the Arctic. He parchased a ficket for a berth on bourd the Arctic, started for the same, but came too late, the steamer baving just left. Mr. Will then took passage on board the Canada and arrived here safely.

A passanger offered to a sailor ed. 200 if he would get him into the boat. The sailor cld so, but after landing saw no more of him. The same individual hid from the rest of his companions in misfortane a bettle of brandy, while there was no water or provisions on board the boat.

The passengers report that at the time of the collision the Arctic was on the top of a long wave, while the Vesta was in what is called "the trough" of the sea, so that the Arctic was injured below her water line. This will arcsount for the reported difficulties in stepping the leak.

The survivors of the Arctic who arrived in Boston in the Europa left that city on Friday morning for New York, via New Haven. They were generously furnished with free passes by Genery Twitchell, Esq., Superintendent of the Boston and Worcester Railroad.

The Milwooder Scattand says:

"Among the list of passengers on the Arctic—as

Superintendent of the Boston and Work

The Milwanker Scattard says:

"Among the list of passengers on the Arctic—as
published in the New York papers of Friday after the
Canada's arrival—is the name of Mr. G. C. McCrac
ken of this city, who with his sixter, Mrs. Scott, wide
of the late Col. Scott of the U. S. Aray, was returnto the control o of the late Col. Scott of the U. S. Army, was returning bome from a tour on the continent. Mr. James S. Brown, who accompanied them during most of their journey, parted with them at Paris, infloading to take a trip through Switzerland. Miss Ford, another of the passengers, is a sister-in law of Mr. Thomas Halop, or this city, and Mr. Edward Sandford, who was also on the Aratic, was a brother-in-law of Pr. J. Greves. There is accarded a state of those that any one of these escaped a watery crave. Mrs. Seett was an invalid, returning home to die among her kindred. Her sad late will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends in this city who have and appreciate between the Her brother, too, Carlista McCracken, hotorable, kind hearted and guileless, will be deeply regretted, as be was well known and highly prized among our commercial and business men.

repretees, as he was a massed and righty problem among our commercial and business men.

The name of Mr. Christie, for severel years a resident of this city and expected horn this tail, is also among the list of passengers as published in Tan N. Y. Taner St.

The Krehmond Bulletin says:

The Archmond Bulletin says:

'The anxiety of this community to accertain the fate of the passengers of the ill-fated steamer, has been increased by the fear that one of our most estimable fellow-citizens. Dr. C. P. Johnson, was among them, and the circumstances which have led his friends to believe that he was abound the Arctic, seem almost too plausible to justify a hope to the contrary. He was expected to leave for bounc, as already stated, about the time the Arctic sailed from Liverpool, and as we did no marking of his name among the passen-He was expected to leave for boune, as already stated, about the time the Arctic sailed from Liverpool, and as we find no mention of his name among the passengers by the Canada, Union or Europa, all of which sailed subsequently to the departure of the Arctic, we must conclude that the name published in the list of the Arctic's passengers as 'C. B. Johnson, (in reveral papers rendered 'P. Johnson') was intended for that of Dr. J.

The Richmond Empirer says:

"We regret to learn that Dr. Cartor P. Johnson of this city was on the ill-fated vessel. It is not known whether he is among the rescued or the lost."

The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror says:

"The apprehension in relation to the Rev. Mr. Walloo was dissipated yesterday mouning by the reception of the list of passengers on board the Europa, among whom was one by the name of 'Wallace.'

The Puttsburgh Commercial Journal says:

"The reader of the list of names will see that the hopes and fears of some of our follow-citrons are banging upon the fate of the boats that put off freighted with human life two of which, our dispatches inform us, have been since picked up. We see the names of Mr. J. B. Hogg, Mr. M. Wintarburn and Mr. Wm. Culmer of this city."

The Charleston S. C. Courier says:

"Messrs, C. T. Mitchell, S. Jeffords, D. Mustard and D. McDougal of this city, were passengers on board the ill-fated ship, and great anxiety is felt as to their safety. We sincerely trust that they have been spared and will soon be restored to their homes."

MRS, COLLINS AND CHILDREN.

We learn that a third dispatch has been received from Capt. Luce, in which he states that Mrs. Collins, Miss Collins and Master Collins were swept from the deck of the Arctic as she went down-that they did not get into the boat which precipitated so many

SAFETY OF CAPTAIN LUCE IN BALTIMORE.

BALLTIMORE, Saturday, Oct. 14, 1854.

The announcement of the suf-ty of Captua Luce was received by the people of this city with feelings of the most joyful gratification.

SERMON BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Last greening the Rev. Henry Ward Boscher

preached in his church, Brooklyn, on the loss of the Arctic. He had given notice of the subject in the morning, and the church was crowled to its very utmest capacity. Every spot that could be stood on in the building and the entrances to it was occupied.

The text selected was the 16th Psalms, first three verses: "God is our refuge and strongth, a very present bein in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though Sthe earth he removed, and though the mountains he carried into the sea: though the waters thereof roar and be troubled: though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

The following is the sermon in full: There is no experience of the soul more noble, and even grand, then its power of setting saide the seases and material things and of realizing the invisible; of lifting itself up, in its most desperate extremities, to repose upon the presence and strongth of a Being, who is not obvious to the senses, but only to the spirit. That hour, in which the soul rests in God, in such a way as to despise all natural human feers and the tremblings of the body, is the hour of its glorification. The spirit triumphs over its clay. The soul is su-preme; the body subdued. This supreme trust in Ged, so wenderful, so full of all riches of joy and peace, has received illustrious expression in almost all the writers whose records compose the Scriptures of the Old Testament. But by none has it been ex-pressed more nobly than by David. The text is one of these lyrical outbursts of true heart-rest in Fod. Strangers visiting South America or the Mediterraneen countries are often very curious of earthquakes, and are quite desirous, for scientific purposes, of expe and are quite destrois, for sessionic parposes, of experiencing the sensations which they produce. But, it is said, that men are never known to wish the sensations but once. So great is the shock to all their preconceived feelings and habits; the falling of the most substantial structures as if they were more cob-houses, the oscillations of the earth which swings bereath the feet, the alternations of lurid light and hor-rid darkness, the chasms that yown suddenly, the sinking of the earth, the cracks and fiscures in very moun tains, the down-sinking of rivers and lakes, or the tumultuous rise and invesion of the ocean for beyond its accustomed bonds, those things do so appal the mind and reverse all its experiences, making stable things unstable, and solid things untrustworthy, that no man comes forth from the ordest without such a terror and shock as forever after makes him cower at the thought of an earthquake. The same is true of the experiences of unsecustomed voyagers, when storms awfally tor-ment the ocean. The terrific force of waves, the blackness of the furious clouds, the sweep and almost omnipotent course of winds, the utter he pleasness of the most shillful navigation and of the strongest ship the most said in assignment and of the stronges sup-to resist such agencies, (which they can only over-come by jodient yielding and waiting,) these produce the most lively fears and the most profound dread in those who have not been impred to them, and the most expert and long-accommon sailor can never grow to

such hardihood as to be careless in an overmastering storm at sea. The poor human heart, left to its own

power, amid earthquakes and rolling ocean storms,

comes to a consciousness of its paltry strength and insignificance suid those center ling forces which

train under the banner of Nature. Man may be mighty where peaceful thinking is the read on victory; where patient engineering can sub-ine resistances; when he has time and room for ingenious devices. But when he opposes all the wisdom and the strength that is in him to the power of Nature, he is whistled dawn the wind with as little ceremony and as helplassly as a bird or a feather. Such is the enormous dispro-portion between the strength of man and of natural forces, that nothing seems ridiculous except strife or resistance. All proportions are lost, and the united efforts of a thousand men are no more appreciable than would be the sighing of a babe's breath. This none know so well as they that have seen accountains rocked by earthquakes, as if Alps or Andes were more babes to be daadled; who have blenched beneath the continuous blaze of tropical lightnings; who have trembled to the marw while the ocean wallowed as if a thousand devils ermented it, and the thunder and the storm walked ugh the air with the step and voice of God, going forth to take vengeance upon his enemies! Yet in all the tunnit of such wild and dreadful storms and carthquakes, if there be a timid, gentle heart, a wo-man, a meek and quiet man, who has learned to serere courage, a clear and perfect rest, which shall not only bar the soul to fear, but clothe it with joy and triumph. There, in the very black jaws of the tempest, it shall four no evil. For, as once Christ arose from his sleep and looked forth upon bestormed Gennesareth and rebuked the sea to columness and the wind to peace, so bath he ever since given to those who have the secret of God with them the power to earth doth reel and shake. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the wountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the mater thereof roar and be troubted, though the mountains abake with the smell-ing thereof. Another expression is given by the Prophet Habakuuk to the same feeling, nuter another class of experiences that usually heat do wa men's heroism and make them drivelling cowards. When men are shut up by electrostances and by poverty, and postilential diseases fall among them, as the scourge fell upon the City of Neworleans a year ago, when disease seemed indeed an angel of death, and all who were attacked deed almost at a blow, as if they had been shot through the vitals with poiseasel arrows; so that nothing was safe, noither ago not youth temperance, nor goodness, and man lying down knew not whether he should rise up again; or rising in the morning, knew not whether he should lie down in peace again—boy foolish and valu is wiscom, power, skill, or courage of resistance under such assaults? In like manner, when the hideous compan or and parent of disease, familie, stake abroad, consumes the field suchs up the harvest, and wards of supply, and earth dwindle and per isb, and men grow thin, and such scenes are exceted as mace poor I cland the world's gaze and city, towns thunned out, villages depopulated, man dying morning and evening just as leaves drop off from trees in Octobers—how puny doth men's industry, or enterprise, or skill, seem in such mildew and consumption! The soul is decolare, descondency tyranized, and custs its victims into deep dange and of durkness. The nerve withers, courage days not co-deaver. But while strong men thus languish, and the bold are as a withered leaf, there are those who in such a time of blasting and destruction are bright and cheerful. It is those who, like the proplet, car any "Although the Rightee shall not blassen, neither wholl the first be in the vire, he leave of the oline shall Orleans a year ago, when disease seemed in-

in such a time of llasting and destruction are toight and cheerful. It is those who, like the propolit, our say. "Although the firsten shall not blossom, seither "shall fruit be in the time, the labor of the class whall fruit be in the time, the labor of the class shall be "in the stalls, yet will I rejone in the Lard. I will "joy in the God of my saleston?" (Habb. 3: 17, in). There is no reading corron in the community, I suppose, who has not with painful experiess a tested in nelameboly progress of news in the daily papers respecting the ill-fated Arctic and her previous freight of human lives. The ship itself, with its fellow shas, was consected with popular regard by patriotic fedings. Without one unkind feeling to rard Old England, with sineare kindness and good wishes, it was yet natural and proper that we should rejoice in the success of any fair competion upon so grand a field as the ocean: and by an instrument that stands at the top of all human endeavor—an ocean stenars propelled by a marine engage. There is no skill and no art, yet, nobler than such a vessel as reast now upon the bottom-sands of Newfoundland waters. But all this feeling, which would still have lamented the disaster even if every soul had been reacued, for the mere ship's sake that had so often carried our flag through night and storm, reading her way zeross the deep by that my storious eye in the binnade, is intendited a thousand fold by the dreadful and needless destruction of precious human life. And in the gloom of this terrific disaster there are but these consolations only—the hereism of a few, to whom home and duty were more precious than life, and the Christian cheer of many, we may hope, who, in the direct surcorse of that evil hour, found in God "a very present help in "time of trouble;" who est excene, though the swa roared and the wayes thereof, and gave up their trusting seals with sweet resignation to the coursey of Christ's angels that waited around the spot to give roared and the waves thereof, and gave up their trusting souls with sweet resignation to the couvoy of Christ's singles that waited around the spot to give them swift deliverance and instant passage heavenward. They fondly thought—these Christian hearts—that they were but three days from home. Many of them as d to themselves, "Once more among familiar places, "there we will abide: we will never wander again, "pilgrims in strange lands: we will never tempt again "the perils of the deep." And God said, "Verly, "ye never shall." This Christian faith, and its irradiation in the dying hour, even when that hour comes like a bolt, is in such contrast with other horrors of the scene, that we love to hover over this thought. We turn from every other view appalled, and quiet our agitation and bitter sympathy in the radiance and soft glory of the Divine presence and benediction which snatched, we may hope, roores

and quiet our agitation and bitter sympathy in the radiance and soft glory of the Divine presence and benediction which snatched, we may hope, scores from the hands of terror and wrapped them in the besom of peace and serene resignation.

It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages: from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature, from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying in their hearts, we will wait for the Septenber gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark; we will side across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgoous month of October we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart loved homes. And so, the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a best of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related

Orient, converging upon London, still hastoning toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a best of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many among up. The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hall swayed to the current; the national colors stroamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the whoels revolve; the signal gun beats its echees in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic gildes joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel and begins her homeward ran. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men say him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and nooc knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand. And so hope was effulgers, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murnur—hame is not for exery. And every morning it was still one night nearer home, and at evening one day mearer home. Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever hauns the vest shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made at it, and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At boon there came noise lessly stealing from the North that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both sceamers were bolding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible. At a league's distance, unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarred, within hall and bearing right toward seeh other, noseen, unfeit, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mi

upon the hold and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. O, hed now that stern brave mate, Gourlie been on dack, whom the sallers were wont to mind—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will—we may believe that we should not have to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor wept for the untimety dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then contage, and so honor. In a wild seramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, ougineurs, waiters and crew rushed for the hoats, and abandoned the helpless women, children and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the est strophe of the collision to the catastrophe of sinking. In that time near two hundred able bedied men, well directed, might have built an ample rait, stored it for present necessity, filled the boats with discretion, and pat off from the sinking—ship with a flottles, that cre many hours would have been hailed by some of the many craft that pass and repass that ill-fated spot. It was not so to be. All command was lost. The man heeded but one impulse, and that the desperate solidshness of an aroused and concentrated hore of life. They abandoned their poets. They deacted their duty. They betrayed their Commander. They yielded up to death more than two bundred helpiess souls committed to their trust. And yet, even for these let there be some thought of charity. List as not forget the weakmess of the liesh; the absence of the irst mate whom they were wont to obey; the terrible force of panic, even upon brave men; the sense of the hopelessuess of effort to save so many, and the instinctive desire of relif preservation. All this is but a little. But so much expandition as there may be, let them have its benefit who certainly need every cover of charity to save them from the indignation of a grievel and outraged community. Let it be remembered, also, that radre of all among them acted most nobly, and because the solitand were bare let not the exceptional cases be forgoiten. Let th

stood that worthy man, Lace, in this terrible scene-calm, self-sacribeing and firm to the end. Of all the witnesses, but we has disparaged his exertions. He says that this noble commander seemed blea men "whose judgment was paratyzed." Yet this men says that when he was rushing desperately for the beat, Capt. Luce withstood him and tone the very raiment from his bunch, exclaming, "Let the passes, exceed to the control of t

industry strove at the pumps; others rushed neatlong ever the sides of the ship; the raft was
over-burdened; the sea was covered with mea
struggling for a little time against their fate.
But, let us remember, that there were other scenes
than these. There were scores there who had long
known that by death heaven was to be entered. There
were these who had rested the burden of their sin
upon Hum who came to take away the sin of the
world. Not in vain had they prayed every day, for
years, that they might be ready whenever the Son of
man should some. There were mothers there, that,
when the first shock was over, settled their face to
die, as if it were to dream in peaceful sleep. Maidens
were there who looked up in that tremendous hour as
the bride for her bridegroom. Oh, in the dread crisis,
upon that mournful sea, which mists covered, that
the tragedy of the waters might not be scon of the sun,
how many were there that could say, "God is one
"refuge and strength, a very present scip in trouble."
There, friends exchanged their last embraces; they
determined to die hothing in their arms those best beloved, and to yield up together their lives to the hands
of God. Oh, noble loves! that in such an hour triumph over all fear, and crown the life with tree there, liteline to die holding in their arms those best beloved, and to yield up together their lives to the hands
of God. Oh, noble loves! that in such an hour triumph ever all fear, and crown the life with true
grandeur! Oh, noble trust, that in the shock of such
a sudden death, could mount up above the
waves, and behold the Redeemer, and rest in
him, to the taking away of all four!
In such an hour every one was tried by infallible
tests. Then the timit became heroic, and the heroic
became timid. Then it was neither would, nor
honors, nor station, nor pratense, that could give help.
Strength, and skill, and foresight, were all useless.
Nothing was of worth except a clear-eyed piety that
could behold the lavisible—a faith that could rest the
very soul in the hands of its Creator, and a hope that
could behold so much in heaven that it willingly let
go its hold upon the earth. I will not doubt that in
those state rooms many a prayer was untered which
attending angels wafted to heaven; in that cabin
after were men and women who waited calmly for
the event, as one waits for the morning. At length
the time was ended. That great slip, treacherously
stabbed, and drinking in the ocean at its wounds,
gave ber last plange. With one last outery the devoted company were whelmed; and high above all
other sounds there came a roaring from the black, uplifted chinney, as if the collected groans of all were
mingled with the last groan of the ship itself.

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is
borne from his home, among weeping througs, and
gently carried to the green fields and Inid peacefully
beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to
pronence a burial service. It was an ocean grave.
The mists alone shrouded the bursal-place. No spade
prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed
earth. Down, down they sais, and the quick ruturaing waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the
se as if it had not been.

This catastrophe suggests reflections on which we
can dwell but briefly:

1. One canno

But, though silent, he breathes into the heart some-thing of that peace which gives eternal screenly to his own life, and those that trust in him do scarcely ask a revelation of his presence, having an inward wit-ness, an unmistakable piedge in their souls, of his redeeming love, his sympathetic presence, and of the sure and quick coming glory which awaits the final name!

pang!

2. Never so much as in the presence of such scenes as those within and about the Arctic, do we perceive the true value of those things which men now are apt to over-estimate. In the distresses of that hour, how, think you, did they esteem those things for which, befere, they had spent their lives! What, then, was money, or luxury, or power, or fame! What power was in these things to redeem their life, or to assuage their fear, or to give them guidance out of life, or a passport into Heaven! I know that one may reply that money was not meant to have a value at such an exigency—that it nevertheless has a value. Neither do I wish to try the case by such unfair comparisons, as if that could be of no use in life, because it coased to be uscable in the moment of death; for them, one might argue that food, and raiment, and affection itself, were vain. But it a fair to take man a views in a dying hour, for the purpose of moderating and shating the inordinate estimates which we put upon worldly things in the hest and drive of health and industry. For, in fact, though not perhaps in theory, men come at length to regard the successes of life as their min concern. They regard loss or gain, wealth or poverty, with a judgment formed not upon the relation of these things to man's real happiness, and still less with relation to his future condition; but with a judgment formed upon the feverish feelings of the hour, and the bad public opinion in which men seethe and bubble. When, therefore, we can find a place in which the imagination can be made to stand and look forth spon life and its various treasures as from the precipet of eternity, it is good and wholesome to employ such opportunity, nor need we fear that men iff be led to underreduce any of the great intercets of pang!

2. Never so much as in the presence of such scenes.

life. What, then, as they souch ingether there, we he he difference between strongth and schools as the total quick where a strength and what walle way there in the quick was a great the source of the he wilter or engineer was a greater the titled and the rich. In the evening the walters or engineer was a greater title and waith than the school of the walter or engineer was a greater title and waith than when the engineer was a greater title and waith than when the engineer was a greater to the most of the walter of the most of the line of a bost cast after him a parse of golf. That simple act is full of meaning. Even in that her the done or admired flightly, To those who had a chance of life, money might be of worth. To him who remained there, it was natively worthless. Do you think that those who had best to waste the part of life to beauty way. In peace: in hope; it conscious activation in which the waste of perfect over worthlesses—of virtue ever passionate indispense—of goodness over vituess—of piety over indicity! Much every way. In peace: in hope; it conscious astistation; in willingness to die; in programates to die, and in the issues of denh—the among before the laving for titings had been long and patient. When the first rumer came of disaster, men three it from them as too much to be believed. As the day brought the full tidings if was almost as if admired the waste of the wa

and to the hand. The heroic ideality of Luce will give to a theusand youth an ideal and an inspiration, which will give us a larger crop of men than we have lately had? And if such be the eccasional revelations to the noral rense even here, is it not a prophecy of that which shall be, when the old world liself is struck, and goes down upon the sea of time. In that solema and final exhibition before God and holy anguls, shall not all hearts watch and rejoice over every virtuce, every first of pict, every religious endurance, every divine sympathy? while selfishness and cracky, and passion, and all low and mean ways of self-scoking, shall go forth to everlasting shame and contempt?

5. I cannot permit this occasion to pass without solemnly warning this community to take heed of God's judgments upon the wordliness of our cities, and especially, God's judgments upon the inhumanity, the unprincipledness, and infidelity of Money. It is not to be disguised that all the monatrous and inside legislation of our country, for the last five years, has had its root and sap in the supposed circles. Peace must be had for business to thrive in, though it be purchased by yielding up every principle which men ought to hold dear. For the wedfare of the country, liberty has become a byword. Men have been hunted over our highways, throttled in our streets, hurled back into loathed and heted bondage; the supremacy of conscience has been hooted at, and human liberty made cheap. For we must have peace, else business would suffer? We must maintain the Union, or else the interest of investments would shrink, and profits dry up like springs in summer drouths. Beaid's all these flagrant wrongs, there has been a putting out the word of God. For, when, against wong upon wrong the Church should have lifted up its voice, because that church was full of men who loved money more than rightsonsness, her ministers have been silent of the principle of the sake than commerce, weaker than mammon. All this humling wickedness, in which the sanctity of